

# THE COMPANION,

## AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

### THE BY-STANDER.—No. X.

*Women, Man's first, best gift!—They alone  
Know how to seize the captivated soul  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;  
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;  
To train the foliage o'er the dewy lawn;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties—*

THOMSON.

Mr. Easy,

IN the 24th number of the Companion, I observe that there is a letter addressed to me by a young lady who complains of the severity with which I treated the ladies in my essay on the morning parties. I must however disagree in opinion with my fair correspondent; and to convince her that I do not “add one to the number of those who make it a constant practice to ridicule the fair sex,” I request her as well as the rest of my female readers to peruse the following reflections. They are sentiments which I have ever entertained and will I trust remove all the unfavourable suspicions which “Eliza” may have formed of me.

It has been frequently remarked that the ladies are generally the objects of modern abuse, and that writers exercise their ingenuity in discovering expressions by which they may ridicule them. There is some truth and justice in this complaint, but it must be remembered that the most distinguished writers of every age, even those who satirized female eccentricities have always acknowledged that the fair sex possess charms and virtues which claim our warmest admiration. The censure applies only to those who make the ridicule of ladies a general practice. It can only therefore affect those illiterate persons who

having never learned any thing “except to descant upon the elegance of a shoe or to measure a yard of ribbon,” so far mistake their abilities as to assume the pen. From such coxcombs we generally hear the severest epithets of abuse. Disappointed and enraged at the contempt which they receive on account of their ignorance, and destitute of merit themselves, they are totally incapable of perceiving it in others. Hence they generally attack the weaker sex, and never make any distinction between their errors and excellencies. The duty of a *true critic* is to point out beauties as well as faults; and no person however inimical to the female sex can deny that they possess many amiable and useful qualities. My readers will, from the specimen they have had of my opinions concerning the fashionable amusements of the ladies, wonder that I should advance such sentiments as the preceding; for in addition to the charge of *severity* with which I am accused by “Eliza,” I am informed that the belles of this city are highly offended with me, and consider me as an enemy to all their amusements. Being concerned at the opinion which they entertain and much chagrined at their resentment, I beg leave to assure them that nothing is more repugnant to my sentiments. There are few who have a higher respect for them, or who wish more sincerely for their happiness than I do; and as far as is consistent with my duty it shall be always my endeavour to merit their approbation. Far be it from me to injure the feelings of those who contribute so much to the felicity of man; to detract from the excellencies of those “upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend and the poet wears out life to celebrate.” No!—It shall ever be the duty of the *By-stander* to support them. To defend them from the attacks of coxcombs shall be his



peculiar care ; but in return he claims the privilege of giving his advice as occasion may require. He will expose their errors and when they become *general*, it must be done with severity. He never will wantonly and unjustly attack them ; but it is his indispensable function to point out and as soon as possible to check any improprieties and irregularities of which they may be guilty. The By-stander will endeavour to prune their exuberancies, and in doing it he will not injure the plant ; but hopes that after the ladies have been properly attended by him, to use the language of a modern poet.

Then like a renovated flow'r  
They'll bloom more lovely than before.

One evening in March I rode at some distance from the city in order to take a view of the rural scenes, which on account of the dreariness of the weather and their tendency to create melancholy reflections were to me peculiarly interesting. On the summit of a hill I stopped in order to take a view of the surrounding country. The immense space which I beheld, the grandeur of the objects which I saw, increased by their desolation, the naked trees and bleak hills served to kindle within me a divine awe, and I inwardly exclaimed

These are thy glorious works, parent of good  
Almighty !

I felt however a *vacuum*, and immediately thought what would all these have been without Woman ? Without her man for whom this vast orb was created, who arrogantly styles himself "lord of the creation" would have been completely wretched. Tossed on the tempestuous ocean of his passions without the prospect of any harbour in which he might hope to rest, he would have been dashed on the rocks of despair, or wrecked on the quicksands of misery. But Providence who had formed him in a rough mould, kindly gave him a more gentle and amiable companion who might sooth him and restrain his appetites. Nature has implanted in his mind a noble principle which prompts him to cherish and defend the weaker sex, and accordingly we find that in every polite and civilized country, they are held in the highest estimation. As man degenerates, as he approaches towards the savage state, the finer feelings of the soul become impaired ; he gradually loses the advantages of education and his affection for them becomes obtunded. His ideas become more contracted, his feelings are less acute than those of an inhabitant of a more polished nation, and his passions are violent in the extreme. His

soul is comparatively destitute of tenderness, and he becomes from these and other causes solitary and miserable. But in civilized societies, where the women are respected, the men enjoy more happiness and are continually progressing in refinement : until causes (among which the disrespect of women will always be found and will generally predominate) produce their degeneracy and downfall.—These ideas are by no means chimerical. What I have said with regard to the savage nations is substantiated by history and by my own experience at least with respect to the Indians of North America.

In a country where the women are respected, you will always find generosity, refinement, heroism and every noble virtue which can dignify the character of man ; and it may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that tyranny is the ultimate if not the immediate consequence of disrespect to women. Those nations who treat them as inferiors have nothing to stimulate them to the acquisition of freedom. In Turkey where despotism holds her sway, the women are sunk to the lowest point of degradation. And can we wonder that in such a country there should be slavery ? No—There is no tie to bind them, no divine love to create in them a desire of freedom. Contrast their situation with ours, where the soul unappalled by the horrors of slavery is expanded by the enthusiasm of love ; where uncontaminated by prejudice and cruelty, it melts into tenderness and becomes susceptible of the sweetest emotions of sympathy. *Here* the greatest blessing which man can desire is an amiable partner. What tie can bind him more strongly to the government ? What will sooner impel him to resist encroachments or to burst the trammels of oppression ? Men may talk of *love of country*, but *love of family* first incites us. It is the foundation of that invincible *amor patriæ* which animates the soul and teaches her to disdain submission.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

The By-stander would have noticed *the gentlemen* in conformity with "Eliza's" request, but he conceives that the able and judicious remarks of *Mr. Easy* preclude the necessity at present. He assures her however that he will attend to that part of *her advice* as soon as possible.

N. B. Although he has answered a *lady's* letter, yet he must remark that he does not consider himself bound to attend to *every attack* which may be made upon his opinions.

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# CHARACTER AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TUSCANS.

There is not a country in Italy, which nature has so richly endued with all the properties that have an influence on the happy formation of man as Tuscany. It is bounded on the north and east by the Appenine mountains, which not only shield it from the frosty winds, but water it with rivers and streams and salubrious springs, ever verdant hills and dales in alternate undulations, form the surface of the country from one end to the other, becoming thus alone one scene of delight, both to the bodily and mental eye. This charming interchange of elevation and descent, of hills and vallies, is every where richly productive, of all for which the lesser Asia, and the Isles of Greece are so celebrated, as affording the most valuable nutriment to mankind, and as to the wines they are partly improved. Whatever else may be wanting to the comfort of life, is supplied by commerce and industry.

As the inhabitants of this favoured clime, neither breathe the watery exhalations of the slimy Po, nor the streams of Vesuvius, so preserving the mean, betwixt the sluggish dulness of the Lombards, and the fiery enthusiasm of the Neapolitans, they are fitted by nature, for whatever requires understanding and dexterity. As far as history reaches, they have ever taken the lead of all other European nations, in arts and sciences. To the Romans they taught religion, the theatrical art, manufactures and commerce and on the return of light, after an universal darkness of several ages, not only the imitative arts, but likewise history, poetry, and rhetoric, mathematics and physicks, here found their first restorers.

Florence, is both the centre and the capital of this renowned nation; he that traverses Italy and surveys this city, with its circumjacent territories, is immediately convinced, that a totally different genius here prevails, among mankind. Regularity, ornament, and fine taste, pervade their public places, streets, and villas, the statues, libraries and galleries, both in public and in private edifices. The people are every where civil; and though in their expression one hears a disagreeable aspiration, more or less, according to the various districts of the state; yet their speech itself is so genuine and regular, so full of ingenious proverbs, and happy phrases, that, with all the corruptions, which the reading and imitation of French writings have introduced, it may still be considered as the best living source of genuine language.

The Florentine loves employment, is very diligent and

industrious, where he has a prospect of but a small gain, or of advantageously reaching his aim, he is not to be discouraged by the method he must pursue, or the pains it may cost him; no delay, no obstacle, can make him slacken his industry or abate his ardour, though he see with his keen perception, the improbability of success. He then desists as readily, and without murmuring, from the farther prosecution of his project as he is ingenious in the invention of some other process. To this industry of the Florentine, we are indebted for the rise of experimental philosophy; and their opulence in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was a signal effect of it.

They are contented with a little and are immoderately disposed to joy. Half a dozen of wretched ponies, or a couple of old fashioned chaises running a race, or a match at Tennis, is a grand spectacle at Florence, and is sufficient to elate the town with pleasure. Happy the prince, who has such a people to govern! it costs him but little to attain his wishes, and to change every discontent that may arise among them, into pleasure and satisfaction.

Among so contented and industrious a people, great crimes are exceedingly rare. A man must have resided many years in Florence, and in general in Tuscany, if he can speak of three or four murders, or considerable robberies. Nothing seems more useless here, says the famous Count Carli, in his *saggio politico ed economico sopra la Toscana*, than the officers of justice; and nothing does so much honour to the wisdom and benignity of the reigning grand duke, as the abolition of capital punishments among so tractable a people.

The difference remarked by Plato between Athens and Thebes in Greece, holds good in some measure in Tuscany, between Florence and Pisa. Perhaps this may be partly attributed to the vapours arising from the numerous canals and dykes, that run through the plains of Pisa; perhaps too the west winds so prevalent here, and blowing from the Islands that abound in iron, may contribute to it. Certain it is, that the Pisans, are very distinguishable from the Florentines, by a certain ferocity and hardness apparent on all occasions. Throughout the whole of the Florentine history, no instance can be shewn, of such an extraordinary cruelty, as that with which the Pisans destroyed Count Ugolinadella Gherardesca, with his innocent children. They have often given evident proofs of their hard dispositions, since the sea fight off the Tower of Melora, in their well known bridge plays, or rather murderous games, which are happily now abolished.



The spirit and rage of party they used to exhibit on these occasions, was of a peculiar nature. For more than a month, as long as the preparations and the play lasted, husbands parted from their wives, and fathers abandoned their sons, whenever they adhered to different parties.— Completely armed in coat of mail, and with a swinging bludgeon in their hand, they came upon the bridge of the Arno, one party at one end and the other at the other, both inspired with a furious thirst of slaughter; and whoever did not yield by force of heavy blows, was either felled to the ground, or cast headlong into the river. It frequently happened that the combatants could not hear the voice of those that yielded, for very fury; and then the blows were repeated by the victors, till the vanquished gave up the ghost. Such a case actually happened, when the reigning Grand Duke, for the first time was present at this savage spectacle.

Siena, the capital of a particular Duchy, is extensive, thinly peopled and poor. Yet the pure air of the hills on which it stands, inspires its inhabitants with a cheerful and lively spirit. Plays and games of chance, diversions and dancing, leave them no leisure for thinking on their poverty, or repining at their wretchedness. Poetry, metaphysics, and works of ingenuity, have usurped the place of the spirit of commerce, of arts and manufactures, of courage and wealth, for which they were formerly as conspicuous. They still boast of the imaginary phantom of their former greatness. To be a member of their grand council, to bring into the world a handsome poem, or to solve an ingenious question, can so inflate the imagination of a Sieneſe, that he shall actually conceive himself to be a great and happy being. Hence arose the taunting proverb, “*aver bevuto a fonte branda*,” to have an overweening imagination. Siena has notwithstanding, produced in all ages, men of fame, in literature, in the army, in the church; and it cannot be denied that its inhabitants excel many other nations of Italy in intellectual capacity, and mental endowments. Count Richécourt who many years governed this country in the name of the late emperor, used to say that for forming a perfect species of mankind, he would wish, that Sieneſe women, would marry with the men of Pisa, and the Pisanese women take husbands from the men of Siena.

The rest of the towns containing mines, in Tuscany, such as Valterna, Aresso, Cortona, had nothing distinguishing enough for rendering them famous and rich, before they were despoiled of their liberty by the Florentines. Nature has endowed these people, with an eminent capacity for arts and agriculture. If they had only

proceeded as they began, to profit by the advantages their wise law-giver granted them, for the encouragement of agriculture and trade, they would have had no need, to palliate their splendid indigence, by the study of Etruscan antiquities and useless genealogies.

Pestonia, Priscia, Prato, and this whole valley, nourish an industrious people, who beneficially employ themselves, in agriculture and manufactures. All the other districts of Tuscany increase the materials of her natural commerce by the culture of land, vineyards, and silk, and in every corner people are found expert in promoting the particular and general welfare.

To what a height of prosperity might not such a country rise, the inhabitants whereof are fitted and disposed, to the particular arts of life! where the nobility, who in the other states of Italy, are only employed in contriving how they may waste their lives in idleness and sleep, in this contribute their utmost, to the general prosperity!

The Tuscan nobility is very numerous. They do not here confine themselves merely to the peculiar use of a peerage in all governments, in being the intermediate class, between the prince and the people, in promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce by their luxury, in serving as a restraint upon the people, by their dignity and the reverence that is paid them, and in providing such persons for the administration of affairs as may be of eminent service, more from ambition than interest, either in war or peace; but they are here of great advantage besides busying themselves in commerce. The Tuscan nobility are not of that idle opinion, that trade contaminates blood. They make not the least hesitation, to study it in the counting house of the merchant, and afterwards to carry it on in their own names. The Florentines, who have for so many ages past, been greatly beyond the rest of Tuscany, in their ingenuity and industry, have here transcended the bounds of the common origin of nobility, by making it a law, that no family can be admitted among the nobility, who cannot bring proof that they have heretofore been enrolled, in the guild register of the silk-men, or the clothiers. This particular trait is of itself sufficient, to give a perfect insight into their character.— How happy would it be, for the useless nobility of oppressed nations, if they had but the courage to introduce so advantageous a maxim!

The only instance whereby the nobility of Tuscany has hitherto given a considerable wound to the public weal, is the right of primogeniture and the fidei commisses. In a country which can only attain to its utmost degree of prosperity by means of commerce, the goods and capitals

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should neither be unalienably annexed to certain families, nor limited to a certain number of heirs. This evil too the wise regent, by a law enacted some months ago, has happily abolished, at least for the future, and thus complied with the wishes of all true patriots.

Leghorn is a mart, constructed on the most refined principles, of which the spirit of commerce is capable, and provided with a large and secure harbour. The advantageous situation and extraordinary freedom, enjoyed here by all the nations of the world, are the causes that this agreeable city is become, in so short a time, the general depository of Levantine and European products. The number of vessels, that annually land here, may be computed, from the considerable income of the Capitano della Bocca, who for every ship that arrives receives little more than about the value of a dollar. Hence it is no wonder that great fortunes are made, and that the possessors of millions are very frequently met with. Many millions of crowns are in circulation in this city. It is a pleasure to see how, without intermission, ships from all parts of the world are either unloading or taking fresh commodities on board, how full the enormous magazines are of goods from the Levant, the Indies and all parts of Europe, how busy the brokers are, and what vast sums of money are, by the exchange of this place, carried into exchange, over the whole surface of the earth.

Count Carli is surprised, and lays it to the blame of the Tuscans, that of the great number of millionaires at Leghorn, there is not more than two or three of them of their own people, and all the rest foreigners. Had he reflected that this is likewise the case in many other famous marts of trade of much greater countries; how short the period of time is, since Leghorn has been visited by all trading nations, and how small the original capital of a Tuscan millionaire must be; he would rather have had reason to wonder, how, even but one Tuscan should in so short a time have acquired such great wealth. The majority of the foreign merchants came hither with large capitals, either as heads or branches of substantial mercantile houses in Provence, in England, in Portugal and other countries. It seldom indeed appears to a Foreigner, when he has seen such enormous riches at Leghorn, and with this great idea in his mind, travels through the impoverished towns of Valterra, Averro, Cortona and Siena. Nothing is more natural than for him to blame the sluggishness of the inhabitants of these cities in not profiting by their vicinity to this productive golden mine. But he perhaps might be mistaken. The evil lies by no means in the inactivity of the inhabitants, but in the ancient constitution of

the country, which it was ever the aim of duke Leopold to abolish by degrees.

Tuscany as every one knows, was formerly as it were, a forest of republics, who were incessantly at war, and had nothing more in view than how one, could attain the ascendancy over the other. Each distinct republic or city, nay every village almost, conducted itself, by its own laws or statutes, which in regard to politics were as contrary as possible, to the interests of their neighbouring rivals. Hence arose, innumerable burdens and taxes, which were laid on persons and commodities passing through the narrow confines of these free states. After these petty states had fallen under the dominion of the Florentines, it became necessary to the general welfare, to treat the conquered territories as members of the aggregate body, and by the abolition of the ancient statutes and customs, to open the way for the due circulation of commerce through the various channels, from one end of it to the other. But this did not succeed, and it has been at a stand for two centuries and a half. Thus the cities still remained in a kind of war among themselves, and obstacles were thrown in the way of the communication of commerce almost at every step. Thus for example, before a clothier of Cortona receives a bale of wool of 500 lbs. weight from Leghorn, which is about 112 miles distant, it will have been ten times thoroughly searched on the road, and have paid forty-four toll duties, which together amount to the sum of thirty-one livres (if the bale be reckoned at 260 livres at 12 per cent.) to this must be added the pay of the transport, and the delays of the toll gatherers, the liberties they take, the tricks they put in practice to extort bribes, before they will give the necessary documents and papers, and a number of other grievances. We must also take into the account, that the clothier is obliged to pay, just as many dues, in sending the stuffs or cloths wrought from this wool to Leghorn; by this mean, the price amounts to so much, that, from the competition of other cheaper woollens, no purchaser is to be found. Thus the affair stands, in all the cities and towns in Tuscany; and therefore it is no wonder, that they reap but little or no benefit from their vicinity to Leghorn.

The grand Duke Leopold, who thoroughly and without prejudice examined into all matters with the eye of a philosopher, and as soon as he was convinced of the truth resolutely encountered and conquered every difficulty, broke most of the bonds which ignominiously bound the hands of his subjects, and even in some measure remedied this complaint, by the abolition of pernicious sta-



tutes. The communication between one town and another is no longer obstructed, or retarded by any grievous impediment; every Tuscan carries the fruit of his labour subject to small duties, to market at Leghorn, and manifest proofs of the rapid growth of arts and agriculture are every where seen.

### THEATRICAL.

*Mr. Easy,*

The following thoughts occurred to me at the Theatre the other evening. If you should deem them worthy a place in the Companion they are much at your service, and should they be acceptable you may hear further from me on the subject. F.

The "Honey Moon," a new comedy, was performed on Friday evening to a crowded audience. This play is extremely interesting and is enlivened with many brilliant strokes of wit. Perhaps upon very close criticism some defects might be discernable in it, but upon the whole it is one of the best modern productions we have seen.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

The performers went through their several parts with much animation.

Mrs. Wignell delighted us with the display of her comic powers; and the melody of her voice, and the taste with which she sings, are really beyond expression: nor in the midst of the gayest scenes, does she for a moment appear to forget that chaste and dignified conduct which marks her private character.

Amidst the various excellencies of this distinguished lady, we cannot but regret, that she will not always favour us with the full exhibition of her powers—whether it proceeds from her supposing her audience not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate her talents, or that we have failed in rendering her that tribute, to which her merit so justly entitles her; we frequently have to lament a carelessness and inattention in her performance which obscures the lustre of her genius. In general, she performed the character of Juliana with spirit, but yet she did not give it all that interest, she is so highly capable of communicating, to whatever she chuses to lend the full exertion of her talents.

Mrs. Wood played Zamora extremely well.

Mrs. Woodham in the character of Volante, displayed a great deal of vivacity and entered into the part with much spirit; but she distorts her body into so many affected shapes, and brings out her words with such an interesting

squeak, that we cannot but admire in her the improvement of art upon nature.

Mrs. Cunningham was a disgusting caricature of a caricature.

Mr. Warren, who is one of the best general performers we ever saw, played the character of the Father, in his usual stile of excellence.

Mr. Rutherford very poorly supported the part of Count Montalban. He has a bad voice, an awkward manner, and appears altogether deficient in theatrical powers.

Mr. Jefferson did ample justice to the lively and agreeable character of Rolanda.

We regretted the absence of Mr. Blisset, who would have played Jaquez infinitely better than Mr. Bray, who quite "overstepped the modesty of nature," and seemed to aim at exciting risibility rather by apish tricks, than by a display of comic humour. The character of the apothecary was overdrawn, but it did not lose any thing by the performance of Mr. Francis.

The amusements of the evening were closed with the after piece of the Purse which is one of the most puerile trifles, that can possibly be presented to a full grown audience; whatever merit it has, is in the character of the Sailor, which was excellently done by Mr. Jefferson.

Mr Robbins is one of the most striking instances of self-illusion we have seen. As a painter, as a musician, this gentleman is undoubtedly a man of genius—and we cannot suppose it possible that the managers have no occasion for his talents in this way—but when he attempts the actor—O monstrous! a colossus in appearance—stentor in voice—in air and manner a Non-Descript—his love making is like the roaring of the Baltic—and when he would present to our view, the jocund mien, and gay frolic of a sailor, he puts us in mind, of the whales gamboling round Neptune.

Either in the orchestra or the scenery, Mr. Robbins' exertions, would highly merit our approbation, but when he so strangely mistakes his part, and attempts the actor he can only excite ridicule or disgust.

### ANECDOTE OF DRYDEN.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, lord Dorset, and others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness



and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture.

"I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there is an abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

I promise to pay to John Dryden esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am really charmed with the style and the subject; and I enter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and the person present was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's penetration, sound judgment, superior abilities; with which it is probable, Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

#### ANECDOTE OF SWIFT.

Swift once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, sent for a barber to shave him; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the dean, during the operation; with a variety of chat. The dean was tired of him who was the minister of the parish, and asked whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? The

barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich. "How the plague can that be?" "Why, please your reverence, he buys up-friezes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny."

The dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke a yard of mutton, the name he usually gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some of his parishioners. Why then, said the dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first enquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. What the vengeance, said the servant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence should put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him or his wife, or the vicar, in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

#### DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

This Lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity; being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?"—"Woman of quality!" replied the man.—"Yes, fellow, rejoined her grace, don't you see *my arms upon my carriage*?"—"Yes, I do indeed," he answered, and a pair of d---d coarse arms they are."



#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The By-Stander may rely upon it, his request will be punctually observed.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

*The following ode is the production of a friend across the water, to which, if you think it not unworthy, you are requested to allot a place in your next Companion.*

G.

## NELSON—AN ODE.

On a tall cliff, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er the foaming surge below,  
In awful majesty, Britannia stood :  
Well pleas'd, her hardy sons she view'd,  
By toils and dangers unsubdued,  
Braving the perils of the boist'rous flood :

When sudden, o'er the face of Heav'n,  
The low'ring clouds, by whirlwinds driv'n,  
Conceal the much lov'd prospect from her sight ;  
Loud and more loud, the thunders roll,  
The lightnings flash, from pole to pole,  
And the bright day is chang'd to blackest night.

Fierce howls the raging blast, the storm  
Assumes its most terrific form,  
Earth shakes, tumultuous boils the troubled flood.  
Not with such dreadful signs of grief,  
Did nature mourn Rome's mighty chief,  
When Brutus stain'd the earth with Cæsar's blood.

The Queen of Isles, with anxious dread,  
Saw the wide ruin round her spread,  
And the fam'd beauties of her realms deform ;  
She trembled, lest her gallant tars,  
Who bore, triumphant in the wars,  
Her conq'ring flag, might perish in the storm.

Vain were her fears ; Jove's mighty hand  
'Midst ocean fix'd the British land,  
And to his daughter gave the fair domain :  
Neptune receiv'd her as his bride,  
And swore, by Styx' eternal tide,  
Whilst ocean flow'd, her sons should rule the main.

To guard his fav'rite sons, the God  
Majestic rose above the flood—  
The winds are silent at his awful word ;  
The billows sink beneath his feet ;  
The clouds before his face retreat ;  
And with new lustre shines the day restor'd.

Then, o'er the surface of the deep,  
Swift as the winds, his coursers sweep,  
And bear the God of ocean to the fair ;  
Who, with that voice, which calm'd the seas,  
And hush'd the howling blast to peace,  
Thus calms her troubled breast, and soothes her care.

"Why droops my best beloved, why flow  
"Those tears, the harbingers of woe ?  
"Tis not for thee, but for thy foes to weep :  
"E'en now, defeated and forlorn,  
"Their captur'd ships and chiefs they mourn,  
"Whilst thy proud sons ride victors on the deep.

"Yes ! tho' the sounding trump of fame  
"Thy triumphs thro' the world proclaim,  
"And vict'ries fairest wreaths thy brows entwine ;  
"Yet, in Trafalgar's dreadful fight,  
"Thy glory shone supremely bright,  
"There fate and Nelson made the ocean thine.

"For often vanquish'd, still thy foes  
"Have dared thy title to oppose,  
"To ocean's realms, tho' sanctioned by the skies :  
"But here their efforts end, and all  
"Their pow'r and hopes of conquest fall,  
"By Nelson's fatal arm, no more to rise.

"Here then thy wars, thy triumphs cease,  
"Ocean is thine to rule in peace ;  
"No hostile fleets shall henceforth plough the flood :  
"Sublimely rais'd, by Nelson's hand,  
"Upon thy prostrate foes shall stand  
"Thy glorious throne, cemented with his blood.

"That direful elemental war  
"Which shook the earth, and rent the air,  
"And hid yon splendid orb of day from earth,  
"Was nature's sad responsive moan,  
"To godlike Nelson's dying groan ;  
"Her solemn homage to his matchless worth.

"But he his glorious race had run,  
"Atchiev'd whatever could be done,  
"To raise thy greatness, and his own renown :  
"Unwilling to withhold the prize,  
"Jove call'd him to his kindred skies,  
"Where, with the Gods, he wears a deathless crown.

## FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS.

KISS THE 26th TO HIS FRIEND.

Hence be the nymph, whose beauties owe  
To the deep Tyrian dye, their glow ;  
Around whose syren neck are hung  
Pearls and rubies richly strung ;  
Hence—let her dance on pleasure's plain,  
And wanton with the cyprian train.  
Give me my friend, the artless maid  
Sprung from yon valley's peaceful shade ;  
With flowing locks of auburn hue  
Dipp'd in the morning's silver dew ;  
Roses on whose lip do grow ;  
Whose neck is cloath'd with native snow ;  
And round whose cheek of blushing red  
Health has her vermil pencils spread.  
I hate the riches of the east,  
The ruby or the rainbow vest ;  
Gods ! let me fold within my arms,  
The nymph, whose wealth is native charms !

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